

DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC

CANADIAN EDITION
MAY
C.D.L.

10¢

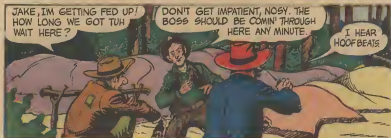
The Lone Ranger



The Lone Ranger

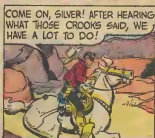
AND THE TUNNEL BUILDERS

Full Color The Lone Ranger is
Distributed by King Features Syndicate









I WAS MET BY THREE CROOKS WHO MISTOOK ME FOR SOMEONE CALLED "THE BOSS."



THOSE CROOKS ARE PLANNING SOMETHING IN CONNECTION WITH THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP AT BIG MOUTH TUNNEL.



WHO IS MAN NAMED "BOSS?"

I DON'T KNOW, TONTO. BUT HE'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE CASH MONEY TO THE CROOKS.



WHAT WE DO?

WE'RE GOING TO CALL ON CHUCK SHERMAN!



THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE DIGGING BIG MOUTH TUNNEL!

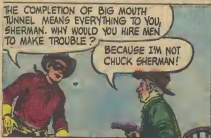


IF YOUR NAME IS CHUCK SHERMAN, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



SOMEONE FROM THIS TUNNEL JOB IS WORKING WITH CROOKS.





THOSE THINGS YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW! I'M GOING TO SHUT YOUR
MOUTH BY KILLING YOU!



OW-W-W!



THAT CHANGES THINGS!



THIS MAN'S NOT CHUCK SHERMAN
TONTO. HE'S SHERMAN'S
BROTHER!



IT WAS
A SHOT!

THOSE ARE STRANGE
HORSES!

IT'S TROUBLE!



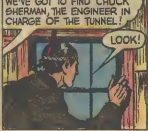
WHY THIS MAN
HERE?

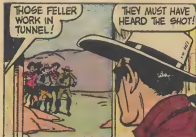
HE TOOK THE PLACE
OF HIS BROTHER TO
MAKE TROUBLE WITH
THE TUNNEL JOB.



WE'VE GOT TO FIND CHUCK
SHERMAN, THE ENGINEER IN
CHARGE OF THE TUNNEL!

LOOK!





WHY WE GO
UP SIDE OF
MOUNTAIN?

I WANT A VIEW OF THE
CONSTRUCTION CAMP!



MEN IN CAMP HOLD
BURIAL!

TONTO, WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO'S
DEAD!



WHEN I GET INTO THIS DISGUISE I'LL
RETURN TO THE CAMP AND FIND
OUT WHO'S DEAD.



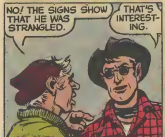
IT'S CHUCK SHERMAN. HE WAS
MURDERED BY A MASKED MAN
AND AN INDIAN.

SHOT?



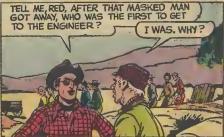
NO! THE SIGNS SHOW
THAT HE WAS
STRANGLER.

THAT'S
INTERESTING.



TELL ME, RED, AFTER THAT MASKED MAN
GOT AWAY, WHO WAS THE FIRST TO GET
TO THE ENGINEER?

I WAS. WHY?



THEN I HAVE SOMETHING TO
SAY TO YOU. STEP
OVER CLOSE TO
MY HORSE.

YEAH--

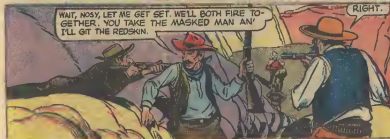


WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

IF SHERMAN WAS
STRANGLER,
YOU'RE THE
KILLER!











JUST A MINUTE!
I DIDN'T KILL THE MAN YOU
FOUND DEAD IN THE OFFICE!
AND WHAT'S MORE--

THAT MAN WAS NOT CHUCK
SHERMAN! HE WAS AN
IMPOSTOR!

GIMME THEM
SHOOTIN' IRONS!

SORRY--

HEY!

IF ANYONE STARTS GUNPLAY,
I'LL FINISH IT!

LEMME
GO!

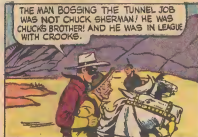
GITTUM UP, SCOUT!

DROP YOUR
GUN!

LIKE FUN I
WILL!

OW!

ZING







SHERMAN, YOUR BROTHER IS DEAD. HE CAN'T POSE AS YOU ANY LONGER!



WE GOTTA GET THIS PAY ROLL IN, SO'S IT'LL LOOK LIKE IT WAS SIGNED BEFORE HE DIED.

I'LL SIGN NOTHING!



WHILE THE LONE RANGER FOLLOWS RED AND THE OTHER SCHEMERS....

CROOKS GO THIS WAY!



THE LONE RANGER IS FOLLOWED BY THE TUNNEL BUILDERS....

WE'RE STILL ON THE TRACKS OF THAT MASKED MAN!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CROOKS' CAMP.

YOU'LL SIGN THAT PAY ROLL, SHERMAN, OR DIE REAL SLOW AND PAINFUL!

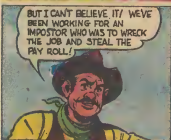
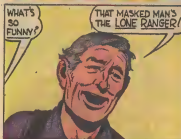


WAIT A MINUTE! I MAY SIGN THAT PAY ROLL IF YOU TELL ME HOW MY BROTHER GOT KILLED.

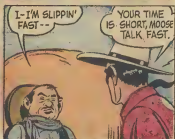


A MASKED MAN GOT WISE TO THE FACT THAT YOUR BROTHER HAD TAKEN YOUR PLACE IN CHARGE OF THE TUNNEL AND WAS AIMIN' TO STEAL THE PAY ROLL!









THE WHOLE THING WAS
YOUR BROTHER'S
PLAN, SHERMAN.

MY WORTHLESS
BROTHER!

IT WAS HIS IDEA FOR US TO
CAPTURE YOU. HE TOOK YOUR
PLACE AS BOSS OF THE
CONSTRUCTION.

TELL IT TO
THESE TUNNEL
WORKERS!

THAT CROOKED BROTHER WAS TO COLLECT IN TWO
WAYS. WE WERE TO STEAL THE PAY ROLL, AN'
YOUR BROTHER WAS TO GET PAID BY A RIVAL CON-
TRACTOR IF HE STALLED THE JOB SO'S
THE CONTRACT WOULD BE
FORFEITED.

MOOSE WENT THE EASY
WAY. THE REST OF YOU
WILL HANG!

YOU BET THEY WILL!

TAKE THESE CROOKS BACK
TO THE TUNNEL. WE'LL SEND
FOR THE SHERIFF TO TAKE
CHARGE OF THEM.

IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR
THAT MASKED
MAN!

HEY! WE NEARLY FORGOT
THE MASKED MAN! HE'S
THE ONE WE ALL GOTTA
THANK. WHERE'D HE GO?

THERE HE IS!

COME HERE! WE GOTTA SHOW YOU WE APPRECIATE WHAT YOU DID!

I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN SHOW THAT!

HOW?

BOYS, IF YOU DON'T FINISH THE TUNNEL ON TIME, I'LL FEEL THAT MY PART WAS USELESS. HOW ABOUT IT?

WE'LL FINISH!

WE'LL WORK DAY AND NIGHT!

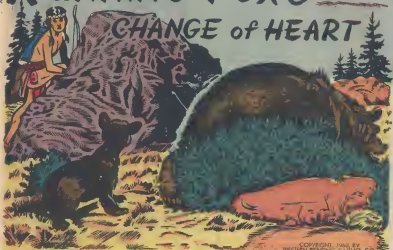
WE'LL SHOW YOU!

LET'S GO, BOSS! WE GAVE OUR WORD TO THE LONE RANGER! LET'S FINISH THE TUNNEL!

HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY--

RUNNING FOX'S

CHANGE OF HEART



COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY
WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

The rock rose up out of the underbrush like the rump of a giant beast, furred with moss and lichens. To Running Fox, it suggested a perfect lookout point to watch for game—or enemies! Silent as a lynx, he climbed. The soft soles of his deerhide moccasins gripped the rough granite.

At the top, he threw himself flat on his stomach. By raising his head a little, he could see through the tops of the young oak saplings which grew at the rock's base. Far a hundred yards around, anything that moved would come under his gaze—a rabbit, a deer, or perhaps one of the white-skinned settlers with whom the Wyandotte tribe was at war!

Suddenly the boy stiffened to breathless attention. A big she-bear ambled into sight, with a fuzzy, awkward cub at her heels.

Instinctively, Running Fox noticed that the wind was blowing from the

bears toward him. That was better. These were no game for a lone Indian's bow! A mother bear, scenting an enemy so near to her cub, could become a deadly, four-footed fury before you could turn to run. And unless you could reach a very climbable tree in time, that would be the end of you! No arrow—no dozen arrows—could stop the charge of a raging, black bear.

As he glanced about for the nearest climbable tree, Running Fox's eye caught another movement. A human figure glided from behind a big tree trunk, not a hundred yards away. A WHITE HUNTER, in a fringed deer-skin shirt, coonskin cap, and long rifle—an enemy!

Running Fox could hear his own heart pounding. His breath—which he hadn't noticed before—seemed to whistle through his nostrils, so loudly that even the white man must hear! But, no—the coonskin cap was moving

toward the bears, rather than toward the rock.

What a chance to shoot an enemy of his tribe! Running Fox's grip tightened on his hunting bow. Then common sense spoke a warning. Unless his first arrow should kill instantly, the white man's bullet would answer it—and a white man's aim never missed at that range. There was the mother bear to be reckoned with, too. Which one of them would she attack?

A daring impulse seized the Wyandotte boy. He would make sure that the enemy hunter didn't pass unchallenged! Drawing a BLUNT arrow from his quiver, he laid it on the bowstring and drew . . . TWANG!

* The soft hum of the bowstring was drowned out by the squeal of a shocked and frightened cub. The blunt arrow had bounced from the little fellow's ribs.

With a grunt of alarm, the mother bear turned to him. Sniffing the human scent on the blunt arrow, she snarled and rose on her hind feet to look around. Over the tops of the bushes she saw the white hunter—and at the same instant he saw her.

BANG! AURR-OUGH! .

The rifle's report and the beast's roar of fury blended. Like a swift, deadly shadow the black bulk streaked toward the hunter. With empty rifle, he stood his ground, merely whipping out his long hunting knife. Watching

them, Running Fox forgot caution and rose to his knees.

At the lost instant, the white man raised his rifle head-high. The bear rose to strike at it. At the same split second, the hunter's knife drove into her ribs. Still holding his rifle, he leaped free of the deadly paws, his sleeve in ribbons. The dying brute gathered her strength for a last rush. As she moved, the rifle's butt came chopping down, swift as an axe . . . The fight was over.

Watching it, Running Fox had forgotten to shoot again. He might have caught his enemy with an empty gun—now it was too late! Other white men were running through the trees, drawn by their leader's shot.

"Simon! Simon Kenton!" they shouted. "What have you got—a Wyandotte or a Shawnee?"

Running Fox did not wait to hear any more. Careful that no snapping twig or quivering bush should betray his flight, he slipped away among the oaks and underbrush. Once safely out of earshot, he broke into long, bounding strides that would have done credit to the fox, his namesake. He had news for his tribe—news of terrible importance!

The ambush was well planned. Two hundred Wyandotte braves, a few armed with captured rifles, lay in wait at the edge of a wide field, hidden among the trees. In the open, half a





dozen Indians were running, a hundred yards ahead of fifty frontier riflemen. The half-dozen red men plunged into the woods, and turned—

"Wait!" hissed Chief Wolf Jaw. "Wait till they come near—"

BANG!—A Wyandotte's nervous trigger finger had jerked. The trap was sprung! A hasty flight of arrows and bullets sped toward the startled white men. Only two or three struck a target.

"Come on, boys!" Simon Kenton roared, as two hundred red throats yelled defiance from the underbrush. "We'll cut 'em to pieces! FOLLOW ME!"

Wyandotte arrows were flying now with better aim. The scouts behind Kenton hesitated. Some emptied their rifles at half-glimpsed Indians. The red men saw their uncertainty—and charged.

Like a red tide, they swept over brave Simon Kenton. The other scouts suddenly lost courage and ran. For a few seconds, Kenton's size and fury kept him on his feet. Then he went down under a yelling mob.

As one of the Wyandotte ambushers, Running Fox had seen it all. He had even tried to reach and help overpower the big White Warrior, but older braves had shouldered him aside. Now, back at Chillicothe, the Wyandotte and Shawnee headquarters, he was going to strike a blow for himself.

At a signal, Simon Kenton started his run down the double line of warriors armed with sticks. His body was stripped to the waist. His hands were bound in front of him. Suddenly raising them above his head, to protect it from blows that could daze or stun

him, he bounded zigzag through the gantlet.

Lighter built braves jumped back from the hurtling giant—and their clubs missed, or struck glancingly. As the big white man lunged toward the opposite line, Running Fox leaped after him. His stick struck an iron-hard shoulder—and broke!

Kenton turned, like a cat. He was actually grinning.

"Good stroke, boy!" he shouted as he plunged on to the end of the line.

And there, to the amazement of all, he turned and started back through the crowd of club wielders, LAUGHING AS IF IT WERE A GAME! A brave enemy, this Simon Kenton!

The Wyandottes drew back, admiringly. No more blows fell. Chief Wolf Jaw and some older men went into a huddle. Muttering, jobbering, yelling with excitement, the red mob discussed new tortures to test the courage of their captive before he should die.

Only Running Fox was silent, thoughtful. Simon Kenton had won something more than the boy's admiration. He wanted the white man to LIVE. Perhaps such a wish was treason, but he couldn't help it. His heart had changed.

"O Gitchie Manitou, Great Spirit!" he breathed a prayer, "Help Simon Kenton—"

A stirring of the crowd caught Running Fox's attention. Chief Wolf Jaw was motioning for silence.

"It is decided," he announced solemnly. "The White Warrior, Simon Kenton, shall not be killed!"

CONTINUED

YOUNG HAWK

ESCAPING THEIR SIOUX ENEMIES, THE THREE INDIAN YOUNGSTERS FIND LIFE PERILOUS--IN A DAY LONG BEFORE THE WHITE MAN EXPLORED AMERICA.



WE'LL SINK, YOUNG HAWK--AND I CAN'T SWIM!

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SHORE ALL RIGHT, WHITE FAWN.



COME ON, WHITE FAWN--YOU'RE SAFE NOW.



THE SMOKED MEAT--IT'S ALL SOAKED!

WE'LL HAVE TO EAT IT NOW--BEFORE IT SPOILS!

AWW! AND I WANTED FRESH FISH FOR DINNER!



WE'D HAVE BEEN MILES DOWN RIVER IF THE RAPIDS HADN'T MADE THE CANOE LEAK.

NEVER MIND, LITTLE BUCK--WE'LL FIND SOME PINE PITCH AND PATCH THE BROKEN SEAMS.



WE'LL HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO TO FIND PINE PITCH HERE.

PINES GROW ON THE MESA, LITTLE BUCK.



OOOH!
WHAT MADE
THE CLIFFS
LIKE THIS?

GITCHIE
MANITOU--
THE GREAT
SPIRIT.



THE GITCHIE
MANITOU HEARD
YOU.

YES, HE IS
SHAKING THE
ROCKS.

IN THE GRIP OF AN
EARTHQUAKE, THE ERODED
ROCKS SWAY AND CRUMBLE.



IT'S OVER!
GITCHIE MANITOU
DID NOT WISH TO
KILL US.

OHNN! MY
STOMACH IS
STILL SHAKING!



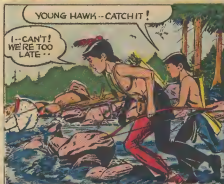
WE WILL GO BACK TO THE RIVER--AND
MEND OUR
CANOE
WITHOUT
PITCH.



LOOK! THE RIVER IS
UPOVER THE BANK--

AND OUR CANOE--IT'S
FLOATING AWAY!







STRANGE PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ENEMIES-- DO YOU THINK ANYONE IN THAT VILLAGE HAS SEEN US?

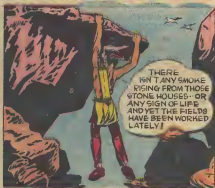
I DON'T KNOW... THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT IT!



YOU TWO STAY THERE AND WATCH -- I'M GOING TO HAVE A NEARER LOOK.



THERE ISN'T ANY SMOKE RISING FROM THOSE STONE HOUSES-- OR ANY SIGN OF LIFE. AND YET THE FIELDS HAVE BEEN WORKED LATELY!



HERE'S THE TRAIL UP--AND IT'S BEEN USED ONLY A DAY OR TWO AGO.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TAKING SUCH A RISK--I'LL PROBABLY BE CAUGHT AND KILLED WHEN I GET TO THE TOP, BUT ---



---THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER UP THERE!





NOT A SIGN OF LIFE! MAYBE
THEY'VE ALL BEEN KILLED!



SOME OF THE HOUSES
ARE BROKEN! PERHAPS
WHEN THE GITCHIE
MANITOU SHOOK THE
EARTH THIS MORNING!



THERE'S NOBODY
HERE... BUT I SMELL
A DEAD FIRE...



...AND FRESH
COOKED MEAT!
THEY HAVEN'T
BEEN GONE
VERY LONG!



THE SUN IS GOING DOWN!
WE COULD SPEND THE
NIGHT HERE SAFELY--
UNLESS THE PEOPLE COME
BACK...



LITTLE BUCK AND WHITE
FAWN SEE ME--THEY'RE
COMING NOW.



OH, YOUNG
HAWKS, I'M
AFRAID...

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
WHITE FAWN--THE
GITCHIE MANITOU
SCARED THE PEOPLE
OF THE VILLAGE AWAY
AND LEFT THEIR HOUSES
EMPTY FOR US.



SUBSCRIPTIONS

FOR THESE "APPROVED" DELL COMICS

- GENE AUTRY
- WALT DISNEY
- LOONEY TUNES AND MERRY MELODIES
- NEW FUNNIES
- RED RYDER
- ROY ROGERS
- LONE RANGER
- LITTLE LULU
- TOM AND JERRY

\$1.00
A YEAR
EACH

NO DELL COMIC HAS
EVER APPEARED ON
ANY BANNED LIST!
NO DELL COMIC HAS
EVER BEEN CRITICIZED
FOR OBJECTIONABLE
MATERIAL.

*Mail this
Coupon NOW!*



"Tops in Wholesome Entertainment"
ONE YEAR—12 SEPARATE ISSUES—
MAILED TO YOU, POST PAID,
FOR ONLY — \$1.00

THE WILSON PUBLISHING CO.
123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto 14, Canada

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

NAME OF COMIC

PROVINCE

In ordering additional comics list on a separate sheet—price \$1.00
per year each—Postal order, (no cheques please).

NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

THE LONE RANGER, Vol 1, No. 23, May 1956. Published monthly by The Wilson Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited, by arrangement with Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 363 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Second-Class mailing rights applied for from the Post Office Department, Ottawa. Copyright, 1947, 1956 by The Lone Ranger, Inc., 1950, by Western Printing & Litho. Co. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in Canada.